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The Census Taker and Woman.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said

To a lady from over the Rhine;

And the lady shook her head and

And civilly answered, "No."

"Got any girls?" the marshal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;

And again she shook her head and

And civilly answered, "No."

"But some are dead?" the marshal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;

And again she shook her head and

And civilly answered, "No."

"The d-d-d you have!" the marshal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;

And again she shook her head and

And civilly answered, "No."

"Now what do you mean by shaking your

head

And always answering "No?"

"Ich kann kein Englisch!" civilly said

The lady from over the Rhine.

John G. Saxe.

PHENIX.

The Late Democratic Convention and

Its Usual Accompaniments—A Soul

That Frenziedly Tended After "Bus-

iness"—And Got It.

PHENIX, June 30.

EDITOR CITIZEN: Well, it has been

done, and at last, after three days of

labor, the Democratic Territorial Con-

vention has brought forth Granville H.

Oury as a proper victim to be sacri-

ficed on the altar of the party, in the

way of devoting all that he may be

able to rake and scrape to Bourbon

straight to quench the burning thirst

of each true Democrat, and all for the

sorrowful pleasure of leading a forlorn

hope in a most hopeless political cam-

paign. But I suppose in order to be

explicit I should say that, and

beginning at the bud, tell how, for a

short, short while it flowered and then

ended into a thing of the past—and

that, too, as quickly as to leave unpaid

all the bills that the poor devil of a

sergeant-at-arms, in his line of duty,

contracted. Poor fellow, he will, if I

may take a liberty with Huer, fear

the Democrats even when they bestow

honors. But he has still one hope left;

that is that the subscription list

circulating among Republicans will

realize enough to pay the expenses

of the Democratic convention.

The delegates from other counties

began to arrive about the 20th, and

each new arrival caused a correspond-

ing rise in the price of "orthodox

straight," until none but delegates

might afford to drink, and none but

candidates for a nomination afford to buy.

The delegates from this county were

selected on the 23d by a convention

held by Mr. P. J. Hogan.

J. G. Campbell, Hugo Richards and

Grant H. Oury, the most prominent

aspirants for the nomination, were

early in the field, each working indus-

triously to show and prove to the sat-

isfaction of all his peculiar and pre-

eminent fitness for the delegation. On

account of the northern delegation to

totally ignoring the claims of any one

but Richards, and the remainder of

the delegates going almost unanimously

for Oury, Campbell "weakened"

and withdrew from the contest. This

had the effect of making each faction

more solid for its own man, and more

determined to have him nominated.

In this condition the convention was

called to order at 2 o'clock on Monday

by Jones, of Maricopa, as chairman,

pro tem. The convention immediately

proceeded to perfect a permanent

An Old Student's Opinion of Garfield.

The Superintendent of the Esperanza

mine is an old student of Hiram Col-

lege, and in a recent discussion spoke

substantially as follows:

"I can't talk very calmly, for there

is scarcely a man in the world that I

know better, or admire and love more.

I had hoped that brutality on the part

of the press was going the way of oth-

er brutalities, but it seems we must

wait a few years before unscrupulous

and scurrilous writers are put into the

place where they belong.

"Where Garfield is well known it

makes no difference. His old district,

which has sent him to Congress for

eighteen years, knows him pretty well.

The State of Ohio, which last winter

sent him to the Senate with a unanim-

ity never surpassed, knows him. Let

the lights be turned on on every side.

If the people of the country come to

know the man, you cannot defeat him.

Before November the people of the

United States will find out—

"That Garfield is not a 'salary

grabber.' Any one who saw Gen.

Garfield just before the close of that

eventful Congress, who heard, as I did,

his last distressed discussion of the

subject with President Hinckley, of

Hiram College (a man of grand judi-

cial mind on whom the General often

leans), surely would not censure him

that to save his appropriation bill and

avoid an extra session of Congress he

accepted a 'ride' which, through a

long struggle he had steadily but vain-

ly opposed.

"Further, the General was not

bricked and did not perjure himself in

the Mobiliar business. Of course, that

kind of man to whom virtue is a chi-

renia will laugh at the idea, but such

things are not possible with Garfield.

I propose to say that a man's general

character enables you at least to say

whether certain things are probable or

not. Any one who looks over the ex-

tra fairly will see that there is no

evidence to contradict the General's

testimony, and there is abundance to

corroborate it. Garfield's name was

dragged in, but the man himself was

not there. Garfield sold himself for

\$329! Talk it to fools.

"Garfield is not a religious hypo-

crit. I suppose it is as natural for

him to believe in God as for Col. In-

gersoll to disbelieve, and perhaps his

faith has shaped his character and

life more than he is even conscious of.

But he is as far removed as it is pos-

sible for a man to be from all cant or

pretentious display. Of course any

public man who is a Christian lays

himself liable to exceedingly venom-

ous slanders, but only the most gro-

tesque slanders make him appear to

my disadvantage in this matter.

"In spite of his great successes I

often wish the General were out of

politics. I am rather of the opinion

that the American people don't de-

serve as good candidates as he before

him. He would enjoy a private lit-

erary life almost perfectly, and there

have been patois far pleasanter than

political ones where he might have

lived.

"Garfield made the best college

president in the world. I can hardly

imagine of it. The influence he had

over the young men about him has

hardly a parallel known. With his

clear mind he drew something of

good out of everything and every-

A Ghost Saga.

One night, when Thorold and five

of his men had gone to get fish and

were to be out all night, as those who

remained at home sat around the fire,

suddenly the round head of a seal

came up through the floor. A woman

happened to see it first, and she took

a cudgel and struck it; but it

slowly rose, and stared all the while

at Thoroguna, embroidered hangings.

Then a man went and struck it again;

but at each blow it rose higher and

stood on end until they could see its

hind fin. Thorold's son, Kjaran, was

the only one who had any presence of

mind; he took a great hammer and

struck it on the head, and down it

slowly went, like a peg driven into the

floor, till at last the boards closed over

it. Next morning, as Thorold and

his men came homeward from Ness,

they were shipwrecked and drowned

under the cliff of Enni, and their bod-

ies were not found. Kjaran inherited

his father's property, and he and his

mother Thorid, invited their neigh-

bors to a banquet. Suddenly the neigh-

bors appeared among his guests, his

clothes dripping with sea water. They

took this for a good omen of the ben-

ediction of Ran, the goddess of the sea.

But he would not go, so that it was a

doleful banquet for the guests. After

the neighbors had gone home, one

evening Thorold and his men, a troop

of ghosts, all dripping wet, came in

and sat down by the fire, wringing